

LANDSCAPES *and* WATERSCAPES

By LOTTIE SCHOOLCRAFT FELTER

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[1908]

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DEDICATED TO MY DAUGHTER

NELDA

WHO HAS HELPED TO MAKE

*"Life worth living
And Love worth giving."*

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Don't Wait.

Don't wait until your head be garlanded
 With hoariness—your steps infirm have grown,
 And then alas! awaken to the truth
 That life's great opportunities have flown.

Don't wait until the coffin's lid has closed
 Upon the childish, dear, angelic brow,
 Ere you caress, press closely to your heart
 And utter loving words; perform it now.

Don't wait until the multitudes admire,
 And unassumingly with pride proclaim
 The brilliant genius of some fellow man
 Acknowledge him and help create his fame.

Don't wait until the autumn leaves have left
 The tree forlorn to wither on the gound,
 And then appreciate the hours of rest
 Which peacefully within its shade you found.

Don't wait until your brother sinks in shame
 Past all redemption, wallowing in sin;
 Keep him from falling, words of friendship speak,
 Approach him while there's manhood yet within.

Don't wait until your best activities
 Are spent, and disappointments come apace,
 Then but to fling the remanant of your days
 Disgracefully into your Maker's face.

A Dream Picture.

It was early haying time, when the clover smelled
so sweet;
And the blossoms made it seem that heaven was down
about our feet;
And the green around about us made our hearts
within us glad;
As we drove the lazy cows to pasture, Oh, what fun
we had!

Then the birdies yearly held, 'Old Settlers' meetings
in the trees,
And the leaves and branches echoed forth their
merry jubilees,
Till the woods were all alive; and they seemed
merrier that we,
An audience, so harmlessly enjoyed their company.

Then the bitter windfalls, dropping prematurely
from the bough,
Tasted sweeter to our palate, than the choicest
Pippin now.
And the branch of oak or hickory, on which we sat
astride,
Was a richly cushioned carriage, in which we as
kings did ride,

In fancy, through the tree tops, o'er all nature
holding sway,
Just as some would rule the hearts they come in
contact with today.
Those kaleidoscopic peepshows, glass, with flowers
in between,
Were fairer to our vision than the finest painted
scene.

Our sleep beneath the rafters, in the happy days of
old,
Was sweet, while glints of morning sunshine amber,
red and gold,
Stole through the time stained shingles, in gleames
about our beds,
While plans of youthful greatness flitted through our
youthful heads.

Juvenile imagination, spread her charm upon the
whole;
Made the bitter fruit taste sweeter, stirred emotions
in the soul.
Realization drowns the fancy, else we might live on
always
Hoping, dreaming, blowing bubbles, as we did in
childhood days.

Dot Babe of Mine.

And when dot babe he smiles so sweet,
And dimples so from head to feet,
And laughs clear down into his thumbs
Den vat you tink? Mine frau she comes
And says "Hans, only come and see
How much dot babe resembles me.
The darling, darling little elf!
He's the very image of myself!"

But ven dot babe he seems possessed,
And howls and howls his level best,
And colors like a wienerwurst;
And frightens us—we're sure he'll burst—
And screams and paws the air like mad;
And throws himself (Oh he's so bad!)
Then frau she says, "Look quick, Hans, do,
How much dot babe resembles you!"

The Abandoned Camp.

You wish to view the last remains of a mortality?
To yonder lone deserted camp then please accom-
pany me.

Prospectors swore, by heaven, they'd struck an ever-
lasting vein—

A living fount that would endure as long as stars
remain.

But now the lights have disappeared and all is
desolate

And dark, where once the children sang and danced,
with merry prate,

Around the blazing hearthstone fire whose lights and
shadows played

Upon the wall so fairy like, wild shouts and laughter
made

The evening air at sunset ring with youthful life,
which then

Annoyed us so we sought to hush. O for those
shouts again,

To wake to life this sepulchre! O, for the dizzy din,
The urchins' cry, the bark of dogs, to breathe new
life within!

Could we have seen, as Calvin claims his maker only
 can,
 The end from the beginning, (but that's forbidden
 man)
 We might thereby have spared ourselves much
 trouble and expense,
 By hiding not within the ground our talents, pounds
 and pence.

Those empty, cheerless windows, like hollow sad-
 dened eyes,
 Which gleam at us reproachfully, but seem to em-
 phasize
 The adage old but true, "There's much in life is spent
 for naught."
 Experience is often at a double premium bought.
 Once let a golden fever rage—there's no immunity—
 The whole creation's out to catch this opportunity.

And, judging from the prospect holes spread here
 and there around,
 As though a gopher colony had homesteaded the
 ground,
 'Twould seem that no one loses aim, like he who's
 hunting ore,
 The oftener he loses only crazes him the more.

But then, to take another view, though it's a game of
 chance,
 Some one must do the guessing, in order to advance;
 For richest veins lie buried deep, and he who finds
 must seek
 For wealth of Anaconda, Creed, Miaz or Cripple
 Creek.

Those empty stores, which glittered once, stand
 mockingly and grin;
 Pulsation gone, their lives ebbed out, and windows
 battered in.
 Pray where's the elf that can desist from slinging
 missles through
 A ghoulish, unused window pane? It's natural as for
 you,

When a grassy, velvet, lawn spreads out before you
 as you pass,
 With flowers so sweet and fragrant, and a sign,
 "Keep off the Grass,"
 To itch and ache desparingly, to just get down and
 roll
 And sprawl and toss and tumble there regardless of
 the toll.

The consternation and dismay (of course 'twas laid
 to luck)
 Which seized that crew, when it was learned the
 bottom had been struck!

A few had felt forebodings queer of a financial crash,
And had gathered up their personals and turned
them into cash;

For the horseshoe would come tumbling from its
place above the door;
The sky appeared blood red at night with many
omens more;
But the many had invested every dollar they were
worth;
Their hopes, their aims and incomes now lie buried
in the earth.

And the beaten path extending from the shafting to
the town,
O'er which the men with dinner pails at night came
hurrying down,
Looks lonely and forsaken and the grass begins to
creep,
Concealing half the footpath ('tis enough to make
one weep.)

Twice scared seemed the tie which bound this hardy
mining crew;
They shad each others pleasures, crude and sorrows
not a few.
In sickness or misfortune dire each brother lent a
hand;
But now they're scattered far and wide all o'er this
western land.

The gloom of death falls over me; the scene is
hopeless quiet;

I'll wander back to living lands and drive it from
my sight.

And bequeath the worthless title to, perhaps the
rightful heirs;

The wolves and mountain lions may reclaim it now
as theirs.

Worth While.

To have a friend whose heart is true,
Who thoroughly believes in you,
Though seldom outward word be spoken,
(Silence is oft' a friendly token)
 Makes life worth living
 And love worth giving.

To know a spirit touches mine,
To feel soft baby arms entwine
About my neck, with head close pressed
In trustfulness against my breast,
 Makes life worth living
 And love worth giving.

But to have felt love's thrilling dart,
When wooed and won by other heart,
—Though intervening years there be—
Surely the blissful memory
 Makes life worth living
 And love worth giving.

•

Our Level.

We stand on the threshold of fame
 With the latch almost raised in our fingers,
 (Ah that fatal almost! we exclaim)
 But fear irresistibly lingers
 And points out a happier way.
 One moment we hesitate whether
 To refuse or accept, then away
 We and failure saunter together.

Great fortunes lie just within touch,
 And urge with their cry "Now or Never!"
 But doubt draws us back in its clutch,
 And fortune has vanished forever.
 And were they so near when withdrawn
 These objects of sumptuous plunder?
 Would not the same doubt later on,
 Have caused us to waver we wonder?

Though 'tis hard to acknowledge 'tis so,
 Perhaps we are filling, the places
 Not many gradations below
 The one our efficiency graces;
 Or firmly our wills would protest
 Till we severed these bonds that chagrin us;
 'Tis by doing we surely attest
 There is greatness of spirit within us.

Rushing Along.

Out from our babyhood's playthings and toys—
 Light little sorrows and light little joys—
 Sorrows that cause us one moment to weep,
 Next, but forgotten in babyland sleep;
 Joys that soon pass in the life just begun,
 Cooings and kisses and frolics and fun.
 Thus we pass out from our babyhood days,
 Into our girlhood's more serious ways.

Troubles that seem later on only slight,
 Gloomy appear as the shadows of night.
 Sights from some schoolfellow thoughtless and vain,
 It seems that we'd never forgive him again;
 Aches that impatience says never will end
 Broken affections that never will mend;
 Yes, but they do very shortly; and soon
 All is as clear as the sunshine at noon.
 Troubles and slights in a day have all vanished
 Aches are forgotten and jealousies banished.
 Joy rushes in, and what equals the joy
 Of youth bubbling over in girl or in boy?
 Catching the bird's sweetest music of heaven,
 Rambling in meadows from morning till even.
 Later along and a new kind of pleasure
 Fills us and thrills us, Oh joy beyond measure!
 Waiting in hopefulness now for a lover,
 Heaven lies wrapped in a four leafed clover;

Moonlight and stars whisper tales in the ear
 Only for me and one other to hear.
 Coals in the grate tell a wonderful tale
 Of castles and fortunes that never shall fail.
 Thus we emerge from our sweet vision days
 Into our womanhood's practical ways.

Day dreams are realized, visions fulfilled,
 Not airy castles but homes now to build.
 Friendships so firm that nothing can sever;
 Hatreds so bitter they rankle forever,
 Leaving their impress, life's beauty to mar
 In wounds that forever must leave a deep scar.
 Patience eternal now helps us endure
 Illness of spirit no doctor can cure.
 Fancies have flown from the red coals of fire,
 Now it is only the cheer we admire.
 Moonlight and stars are effects of a cause
 Found in astronomy's natural laws;
 Not in possession of lover or king,
 Fairy, hobgoblin or that sort of thing.
 Love in reality reigneth supreme
 Only so different from that of our dream.
 Duties not numbered on earth are begun—
 Stop to look back and old age rushes on.
 Out from our womanhood's practical ways
 Into old age with its fast fleeting days.

Living again over what we have been,
 Happiness woven in stretches between;
 Memory friends oft' revisit again,
 The new only seek our acquaintance in vain.
 Happy the one who can sweetly recall

Memories of peace and good will towards all.
Doing the odds and the ends here and there
Lightening for others their burdens of care;
Willing if need be to lay this life down,
Looking ahead to a heaven and crown.
Thus we pass out; our existence is o'er,
Save by a few, we're remembered no more.
Our places are filled by the mad, anxious throng
Hurrying, scurrying, rushing along .

Our Uncle Ike.

Our uncle Ike's the funniest fellow,
 His beard's a sort of yellow-dog yellow;
 The hairs are thin and strewed about,
 He says "The soil underneath's worn out;
 I'll fertilize it some of these days
 And then what a roarin' crop I'll raise!
 Laws-a-days!

What a crop Ill raise!"

He sets out on our porch and jokes,
 And holds us on his lap and smokes.
 His head is bald as a turtle's back
 And his eyes seem peering through a crack.
 The one eye's blue and tother'n's gray
 "The Lord didn't make 'm that there way"
 He'd say. "Some day
 I'll tell you why that un's gray."

"One night while settin' here" he said
 "The mosquitoes settled on my head—
 A swarm of them began to skate
 And sasha round on this bald pate.
 'How fortunate!' they cried 'Just think!
 We've found a glorious skating rink.
 I Jink!

What a skating rink!' "

'Twas fun to see these insects race,
 Didn't they go a merry pace?

My lids and eyeballs fairly clattered
 And my four old stubby teeth they chattered.
 It might be worse, I said—Gee Whizz!
 Let youngsters have what fun there is.

Gee Whizz!

Give 'em all there is!

At last one dainty little thing
 Caught her toe in a raveling
 And fell—it almost broke a rafter
 When all the Jills came tumbling after.
 The outcome was a broken wing
 All on account of that raveling.

Poor thing!

With the broken wing!

You don't believe a word I've said?
 Just feel this dent on my bald head.

Now girls I warn you, every one,
 Don't let yer mending go undone.
 A girl once fell through a hole in her stocking
 And never's been heard of since. How shocking!

Oh that stocking!

'n that girl! How shocking!

Always reckon yer blessings first
 And then be thankful for the worst,"
 He'd say: at dinner once he found
 A lettuce worm meandering round
 And said "Thank God! Ameriky
 's the place where extrys come in free!

Ameriky!

The land of the free!"

"D'ye see that star up in the sky
 With all her young uns standing by
 A bawlin' for a slice of cheese,
 Cut off'n the yellow moon? Once these
 Were rings whirled off'n the sides of their
 mother

—Say, you're jest rings twirled off'n another
 'n that other
 's yer own good mother..

"Uncle Ike, where's your little rings?" Tot
 cried;

"Up here in my brain," he said and sighed,
 While a tear stole softly down his cheek.
 They say, that regular, every week,
 He walks to the cemetery alone
 And sits by a grave with a marble stone,
 All gray and mildewed—he scarce can see
 To read the name thereon—"Marie"
 Only "Marie"
 Of sweetheart memory.

In the Royal Gorge.

(A Symphony)

The stream comes rushing down the gorge;
 The eddies trickle, bubble, boil,
 Then tumble headlong o'er the rocks
 With anxious speed, in mad turmoil.
 The din appears like myriads
 Of notes chaotic, loud they roll;
 Stand still O moon in Ajelon!
 It blends to one harmonious whole.

Above the roar, a soothing sound
 I hear—so musical, so deep,
 As 'twere some mother's hushaby,
 Lulling her infant babe to sleep.
 Ah! this the sound, which long ago
 The voice of One was likened to!
 Pathetic, awful, grand, sublime!
 So animated, yet so true!

My thoughts glide on in unison,
 But love and harmony are here;
 Impelled by some commanding power,
 The baser feelings disappear.
 Majestic trees stand on the brink;
 With branches nodding low, they seem
 As though about to take a drink;
 The air comes floating down the stream.

Then leaves and branches catch the breeze,
 Clasped in each other's arms, they fain
 Would sing and love their lives away
 In concord with the river's strain.
 United thus the chorus swells;
 They chant their anthem loud and long—
 A unity of waves and trills
 And cadences, a happy throng.

A little farther down the stream,
 A bridge, the rushing waters span—
 Surely exempt from nature's laws
 —Vulgar, made by the hand of man.
 And as it in suspension swings,
 With impulse but to creak and groan,
 A vigor, irresistible,
 Lays hold and modulates it's tone.

O'er-powered, obedient it sways,
 Meek and submissive as a child,
 It's discords quelled, with nature it
 Vibrates in modulations mild. ,
 With increased strength they sweep along,
 And, like the whirlwind in its course,
 They grasp by suction all things near,
 Augmenting ever thus their force.

'Tis one harmonious union this
 A thousand voices that agree
 Ten thousand harpstrings play at once,
 Making a heavenly symphony.

The Perfect Prayer.

"Our Father who in heaven art,"
 In pure and sweet simplicity,
 Was lisped by infant innocence
 While kneeling at a mother's knee.

And "Hallowed be Thy Holy name,"
 And then she slept well satisfied.
 No doubt is there within that heart
 Whose childlike faith has ne'er been tried.

The years roll rapidly along;
 This child has entered maidenhood;
 And, as she listens to the cry
 Of one from o'er the sea who would

The heaven save, her heart is stirred:
 She cries "Forgive this careless one
 Her selfishness within the past;
 Thy kingdom come through Thy dear Son!"

And later on with that home
 The lights gleam forth and brightly burn,
 As this fair maiden plights her vows
 To one who offers in return

A manly love, a noble heart,
 Two years roll on of happiness
 That only wedded love can know—
 In love all else must acquiesce.

Ah then! 'tis evening once again.
 Hush! low and solemn is the tread.
 The tapers in that home burn low,
 And watchers sit beside the bed.

In agony the wife stands o'er
 And wipes the death-damp from his brow.
 His soul is passing—all is o'er—
 Say, where, Oh where, is comfort now?

Day after day this widowed heart
 Struggles for grace—poor sorrowing one!
 Night after night she kneels in prayer
 Ere she can say "Thy will be done."

Of strong support thus soon bereft,
 Out in the world with weary tread
 She goes; and earnestly she prays
 "Give us this day our daily bread."

Seeking for virtue to destroy,
 Lewd fiendish eyes they ever glare.
 "Into temptation lead us not"
 Trusting she breathes her evening prayer.

And then she sleeps an angels sleep;
No harm can come to one who trusts
Her soul and life into His hands;
She's saved from sin, its snares, its lusts.

Old age comes creeping on apace,
The thread of life is nearly spun;
She's only waiting for the crown
Of life when this her life work's done.

Sweetly she lays her armor down,
Her eyelids close and all is o'er.
"Thine is the kingdom, Thine the power,
In heaven and earth forever more."

NOTE—Written after hearing a sermon by Evangelist
Northcutt.

Phosphorescence.

Some lives are little more or less
Than phosphorescence on decay
Which, even from its funeral pile,
Emits a ghastly light the while
That lures its victim to excess,
Until he soon succumbs a prey
To poison from this foul decay.

Mind Yo' Mammy.

Titus, stand back

Off'n dat track!

Dat heavy freight

'll operate

On yo' insides fo' appendicitis,

If you don't mind yo' mammy, Titus.

Jest seen dat smoke; it's most nigh heah;

Yo' mouf's so wide dat engineeah

'll take it fo' de roundhouse doah,

And smash right in pelmel, fo' shoah.

When it gits in,

Ah reck'n yo'll grin

Wider'n you hoped;

You'll be telescoped,

Out o' yo' skin

Clean to yo' chin.

Same day'll come out

Specials about

Dat dreadful railroad accident.

And when de claim adjuster's sent

And all de passengers come to,

And ask fo' damages, then yo'

Jest won't be theyah

To get yo' shaah.

Honey, stand back

Off'n dat track!

The Cry of the Poor.

Weary are we
 Of life's penury;
 Weary of toiling mid sunshine and heat,
 Scanty the recompense, scanty our meat;
 In this land of the free,
 Of proud liberty,
 May the children of plenty in luxury roll
 While the children of toil hunger body and soul?

Weary we are
 Of uncertainty,
 Hoping, yet knowing not whether tomorrow
 Brings limited plenty or hunger and sorrow.
 We live and grope on
 Toil and hope on
 For surely a provident loving Creator
 Will divide each his portion, sooner or later.

How to endure?

Where is the cure

That will strike to the root of this national cancer?

Where the philosopher wise that can answer?

Who then can quiet

The bloodshed and riot

Of men crazed with hunger defying the rule?

These are some of the questions not studied in school.

The Season.

Now Chloe, I said
Don't go and wed
That trifling Schmidt who sits there sunning
Against the wall, or I'll go gunning.

Next day a note
Arrived, which made my senses float.
Here's what she wrote:

"Dear Pa: I'm married;
Don't you be worried;
I never thought of marrying Schmidt
Till you yourself suggested it.
Well, it is done;
The hunting season's just begun,
So get your gun."

A Pathway.

Come stroll down the pathway with me as of old
 On a morning in June and its raptures behold.
 The prairie chick cooes his ker-thud-oo-oo-oo!
 Like no other sound mortal man ever knew;
 A mixture so strange both the sad and the gay
 Floating out on the air, near, then far far away.
 A pheasant scared up from her nest in the grass
 Goes whirring away out of sight as I pass.

The air is refreshing, the dewdrops they glisten,
 So quiet it is that I'm sure if you'll listen,
 You'll find that the dewdrops and grasses are talking
 Or hear the light steps of the brownies out walking.
 Oh the smell of the bees and the grass and the flowers!
 And the light, did I say? chasing off the dark hours?
 There's a well—nothing more than a hole in the
 ground
 With a barrel to keep it from sprawling around—

But over the edge of the well I can see
The happiest eyes fairly sparkling at me;
A hat with a third of the rim, perhaps more,
Haggled off; and a face I've seen somewhere before.
There's a background of daintiest, delicate blue—
Can it be that the well extends clear down through
The dark earth to the sunshine again? There he goes!
Mister frog with a splashy-ty-splash by my nose

With his carcass right into the well—but no matter—
They say that a frog only purifies water,
Devouring the wigglers, the fishworms, and flies.
Oh it's fun to sit watching the air bubbles rise!
Yes I might chatter heedlessly on in this way,
What's the use? You cannot understand what I say.
That was long years ago but I cannot refrain
From telling it over and over again.

I Wish I'd Gone to Bed.

Once our big girls had company,
 Come in and bring their m'broidery work,
 And stay. like farm folks do, for tea;
 And it just up and poured till dark,
 'Zif the sky'd broke loose.
 'Twas a good excuse;
 So they stayed all night
 And said I might
 Set up a while, an hour or two.
 And of all the foolery they went through.
 Their goblin stories made a chill
 Crawl up my back;
 And the stars look black;
 And my eyes to swim;
 And the lights grow dim.
 They simpered and whispered and then kept still,
 Till I could hear,
 The ghosts right near,
 With patter of hoof,
 Up on our roof.
 Then how I wished, and wished, instead
 Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.

And one big girl, Moll Perkins, she
 Went on to tell, how one dark night,
 As she went by the cemetery,
 A scary thing, all dressed in white,
 Was walkin' about
 With arms stretched out
 Among the stones
 A utterin' groans.
 And then it made a dive at her,
 And she lit out for home, yes sir,
 Pell mell! and reached there scared to death,
 And fainted dead
 Away, she said
 In some one's arm;
 And they had to warm
 Some flat ir'ns to fetch back her breath.
 And then my hair
 Stood up with scare,
 For I could see
 That thing grab me.
 Then how I wished, and wished, instead
 Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.

One said (she hoped to die right there
 If it want true) that while a sittin'
 One evenin' in the rockin' chair,
 Close by the window, busy knittin',
 A bird came "Tat!
 Rat—tat! Rat—tat!"
 Three times again
 The window pane;

And that very minit (I know she lied)
Her grandma in New Jersey died;
And that was a sort of warning sent.
And she just thought,
'At that was what
The po'm meant
'Bout the pigeon sent,
And the lost Lenore
And never more—
Though I couldn't tell what on earth she meant.
And I felt so queer,
For I could hear
That bird again
At the window pane,
A peckin' so bold.
And I couldn't have told
Myself from you,
Or black from blue.
Then how I wished, and wished, instead
Of settin' up I'd gone to bed.

Cure the Blues.

Take advice and cure the blues, do,
Or they'll shamefully abuse you.

Go out boating on the river.
Look the action of the liver.

Court a little if it pleases,
Cure's not worse than the disease is.

Seize your knitting or crocheting,
Count the stitches over saying,

One—two—three—sure apathetic,
Sleep in nature's anaesthetic

Visit some one ten times sicker
Than you are—read of Wakefield's Vicar,

Poor old Vicar! O so sad O!
Your calamity's only a shadow.

Read Napoleon's fatal muster,
Dreadful fate of General Custer,

Till your blood it curdles, thickens,
That may fail? Then go with Dickens'

Little Nell out walking, straying,
In green fields like lambkins playing.

Muse on bliss of heaven above;
Next thing to it fall in love;

Venus' rapturous idea
May be just your panacea.

One of these may fail to cure you,
Try another one it's sure to.

Take advice and cure the blues, do,
Or they'll shamefully abuse you.

If I Had Known.

If I had known
She came to school without her morning meal,
That it was hunger's pain she would conceal,
I would have shown
More kindness by
Dividing—yes by giving all my meat—
That she might have enough for once to eat
To satisfy.

If I had known
That when we played off by ourselves apart,
The slight had sent a shiver to her heart,
I would have gone
To her and said
“Do come we need just one to make the game.”
Then how she would have smiled with cheeks aflame.
But now she's dead.

If I had known
She was an orphan girl; and that her tears
And sad faced looks belonged to older years,
I would have thrown
My arms around
Her neck, and, in a kind and loving way,
Have said those tender things that mothers say
To ease her wound.

Her Dilemma.

You've heard me mention Uncle Tim
Who married my aunt Lovine,
He'd mourned three previous partners
So she stood fourth in line;
But he urged her when she came to die
To drop her old maid's whim
Of being laid by an old sweetheart
And rest wife like by him.

So she gave in and was interred
By him as number four,
And her dilemma puzzles me
As I ponder it o'er and o'er;
For when the final trump shall blow,
What scrambling there will be,
As each presents her warranty deed
At heaven's chancery.

If the last on earth shall then be first,
I reckon that aunt Lovine
Will find some bit of comfort then
In ranking first in line.
But I dislike family skirmishes
And wish in my soul that she
For the sake of peace were buried in
Some other cemetery.

Content.

Give me content enough
 But just enough to ease the strife,
 The rasping useless fretfulness
 And smooth the corners rough.
 Enough to fairly estimate,
 That on the average, this life
 Is kind, and sends us less
 To severely vex and irritate,
 And more to benefit
 Than many will admit.

But who would care
 To crave that idolent content,
 Which idly drifts him down the stream
 With arms akimbo floating o'er
 In ease and asking nothing more,
 Like drift wood landing where 'tis sent,
 With not a care—
 Existence but a hazy dream.
 Yes better far is restlessness,
 A sprinkling of that discontent
 Which scorns to be well satisfied
 With just what falls within the hands
 Or drops upon the lap;
 But makes more strenuous demands
 And ventures into ways untried.
 It bravely dares mishap
 And faces grim discouragements;
 'Tis only thus that worlds progress.

And he who opens up a path
Diverging from the beaten track
O'er which the multitude has trod—
A better way—'tis he that hath
Improved conditions brought men back
To nature and to nature's God.

His Request.

De docto's held a consultation
And Ah'm to have an operation
Yo' eyes is gettin' drippin' wet—
Lize 'taint time fo' weepin' yet.
Ah've been a Christian all my life,
Now promise me fo' ce'tain, wife,
You'll have me opened up with pray'ah.
An' have'm operate with ca'ah;
Faith without works is like de brass
Of chandeliers wivout de gas.

An' if de docto's search me through
An' don't find what dey 'spected to,
Like postmen do, you have'm take
A label—"Opened By Mistake"—
An' paste it on whe'eh all can see,
Dat's what Ah call Christ yanity.
Dis foolin' people haint quite right
Aspecially in bwoad daylight.
Dese wisdom docto's Ah'd steer shy of;
Ah like to know what Ah'm to die of.

An' if Ah don't pull through, then honey,
You take my life insu'ance money
An' blow in every cent of it
On feathers' an' fine clothes what fit—
Red o' whatever's handsomest—
What suits yo' chocolate face de best.
You've skimped along all yo' bawn life;
An' yo've been a mighty faithful wife.
Ah'm wuth a heap mo' dead (in money)
Than evah Ah was livin', honey.

Lize yo' teahs is spillin' down,
On to yo' Sunday meetin' gown.
If you don't stop, it won't be fit
To wa'ah to ch'uch, yo' spil'in' it.

Imogene.

She's a common looking girl,
 Hair a fady tan and brown,
 Bristly straight, without a curl,
 Freckled face and eyes cast down—
 Always looking down at earth
 She was hapless from her birth.

Imogene,
 Some ill-fated star is seen
 Hovering o'er you, Imogene.

When she went to public school,
 Everything abject and mean,
 Thieving, lying, breaking rule,
 All were laid on Imogene.
 She sought comfort in her books,
 To evade their scornful looks.

Imogene,
 Though your sould be white and clean,
 You're suspicioned Imogene.

Each might bring—by strict permission—
 A baby brother or a sister;
 It was mid-day intermission;
 One wee toddler they had missed her.
 Look, out there upon the street
 Underneath the horses feet!

Imogene,
 None but you dare stand between
 Death and baby, Imogene.

Baby's safe, but where is she?

Hoverning 'twixt life and death,
Bruised and bleeding frightfully.

Children scream and hold their breath;
Those who hated her are seen,
Crying over Imogene.

Imogene,
What kind angel stepped between
You and death, O, Imogene?

She had flowers as she lay,
Such as she had never seen;
Comforts, smiles, and love that they
Showered on helpless Imogene.
When she went to school again
She had friends in plenty then.

Imogene,
You are treated like a queen;
Happy, happy, Imogene!

At the Mourner's Bench.

Dear Lord forgive,
 It was a woeful sin I know
 —Almost a crime—
 And yet I scarce could feel it so.

We sorrowing knelt
 Around the mourner's bench each night,
 Troubled at heart,
 Pleading forgiveness, seeking light.

A penitent
 So near to me knelt Constantine
 That I could feel
 His heart beat in response to mine.

I could not see
 My sins; I could not lisp one word
 Of anxious prayer,
 Nor beg forgiveness of the Lord.

I only heard
 Love's music far away—caught gleams
 Of visions sweet
 Composite of my happiest dreams,
 Dear Lord forgive.

Which One Shall it be?

Marks one, two, and three
 Which one shall it be?
 In choosing be sure to choose well,
 You're playing for keeps sister Nell;
 This one of the three?
 This then it shall be.

You seem to look down
 With a woe-begone frown
 As though disappointed and vexed.
 Not this one you wished but the next?
 This one it must be,
 This one of the three.

There's many a one
 Similarly has done,
 Has hopelessly settled her fate
 Then espied the mistake when too late;
 So sadly mistaken
 Some lout has been taken,

For worse, not for better,
And galls like a fetter

When a gem standing next could be had
For the choosing—too bad! yes too bad!
But the draw has been made
The price must be paid.

Power.

And O, whene'er I think,
How frail the thread which binds that future life
 with this,
How thin the film between us and death's dark abyss,
 'Twould make me start and shrink,

But that I know there's One,
Who will not let, by chance, a soul pass out of sight,
However rich or poor, unlearned, or erudite,
 Until his work is done.

And though the thread seems slight
To human eyes, 'tis doubly strong, as iron bands,
And nothing need we fear, if held within His hands,
 And strengthened by His might.

A Boy's Fun.

(A Waterscape.)

Oh there's barl's and barl's and barl's of fun,
Down on the banks of Beaver Run!
You can claw around in the squashy clay
Like turtles do on a summer day
And make haystacks and sweetheart's rings,
'Dobe houses and piles of things.

And if you wear your oldest clothes
And take some lunch, why goodness knows!
You kin saunter home as late as five
And not expect to be skinned alive!
You kin throw a log right in the stream
And set on it an' play or dream

Yer a missionary sailin' away
Way off to the land where the heathens stay.
Or play yer one of a pirate crew
Goin' to help the Cubans through.
Though of course you're not; you're just in fun;
But with the water a spatterun

Up in yer face an' ears an' eyes,
 An' overhead, the bluest skies,
 Don't fret about such common truck
 As woodboxes an' bad boy luck.
 An' lickuns that you'll never git;
 Hang on to fun; yer sure of it.
 Such summer days ain't always found
 To waller in, the hull year round.

You kin ketch the tadpoles in the sand
 And watch them wriggle from your hand
 To a flaxseed poltice of frog's eggs,
 And hear them mumble, "I'll have legs
 And be a frog some day; then ketch
 Me if you can." Oh it's nice to watch

Yer face a grinnin' in the water.
 I know now why Pharoah's daughter
 Went down to the river bank so much
 Purtendun, she's carin' for Mosy, and such;
 For when the water's still and clear
 You kin see yourself as well, purt' near,

As in the glass on our bureau;
 And where's the kid, I'd like to know,
 Who wouldn't give his fishin' hook
 Once in a while to steal a look
 In a lookin' glass, especially,
 If it makes him look far slicker'n he

Ever is or was or expects to be.
 And when the water ripples, you see
 Yer shadder's gone, or back it comes
 All crook'd. It's fun to fling out crumbs
 To the greedy ducks, and watch 'm enjoy
 Themselves a scrappin' like a boy
 Who always wants the biggest slice
 Of everything there is that's nice.

And sometimes too it's not bad fun,
 When girls fling yer hats in Beaver Run,
 To jest spring up and grab 'm quick
 And purtend you'll douse 'm in the crick.
 Then how they squeal and squirm, and then,
 Promise they'll "Never do it agin!"

And act so scared we let 'm go,
 Kind of wishin' within us, though,
 They'd come back and bother us some.
 And sure enough! soon back they come!
 So saucy like, as much as to say
 "We like to be scared by you that way.
 Just scare us again, we dare you to!
 You're cowards, the whole batch of you!"

And when the willow trees hang thick
 Over the edge of Beaver Crick,
 All matted in turrible shape
 With poison ivy and wild grape,
 All sorts of savage feelin's strike
 You through and through; and you'd jest like

To be an Injun, skulkin' about
 With bow and arrow, peekin' out
 From between the leaves, to catch a glimpse
 And take the scalps of pale faced imps
 As they come rowin' down the stream,
 But you wouldn't hurt one—it's a scheme,

And you're just playun—but just the same
 You hide in there and wait your game,
 With Christmas gun; and soon a pack
 Of lordly ducks, with their quacky-ty-clack
 Come sailin' proudly down the crick;
 You up an' raise the trigger quick

And let er go with a "Whizz! and Bang!"
 And before one could say Yang-Tse-Kiang,
 You hear a squabble and wade in,
 Into water up to yer chin,
 And seize yer pale face, scalp and all,
 And hurry home in capital

Delight; and prouder—Dear me suz!
 Than little Hiawatha wuz,
 When he had killed his first red deer
 And hauled her in and says "See here!
 How's this for venison?" And then
 They praise him over and over again.

Will you git praised, or hear m say,
 "The horrid thing! Take it away!
 The smelly thing, don't bring it here!
 Go wash yourself from ear to ear."
 It's rather discouragin' I say
 To be hammered at in that-air-way.

We boys kin act 'zif we didn't care
 A straw fer people's praise—but there
 Is times when our insides just ache
 And burn for a word of praise, to make
 Us feel some one takes interest in us.
 But when they always go agin us

Then we backslide, as people say
 In purtracted meetin'—turn away
 And care for nuthin'—for nuthin's better
 Than to always have a scold and fretter
 A'jaggin' at you; now isn't it?
 The birds they twitter fit to split

Though they have ornery spells and fret
 The same as people do I'll bet;
 And sometimes think that they'd enjoy
 Bein' a horse, or p'raps a boy.
 But let them try once, luggin' coal,
 And choppin' wood, and doin' a whole

Lot of other things that nobody
Ever thinks is much, and you'd soon see
They'd wish that they wuz birds again
A rustlin' for their worms. And when
It's wash day, 'n all around the place
Put on a sour milk funeral face

And snarl or turn a feller down
A sayin' "I'd go off and drown
Myself;" instead you hurry quick
Down to the banks of Beaver Crick
Where snakes and toads and lizards all
Come up and crowd around and crawl

All over you; and you forget about
It's bein' wash day, when the trout
Jest fight for first place on yer hook
And thousand legged worms they look
That tickled to see you. Oh there's fun—
Jest barl's of it, on Beaver Run.

The Sigh of the Civilized Navajo.

Leave the Navajo content
In his native element.

Free to wander in the canons
In the canons, tall and grand,
Chiseled out by nature's hand,
With the pines for his companions.

Can the coyote change its color?
Can the quail turn water gull? or

Can the white bear thrive in other
Than his native haunts of snow?
Neither can the Navajo
Imitate his pale faced brother,

NOTE—At the time of writing this, all attempts at civilizing the Navajo had been in vain. When educated he invariably returned again to his camp fire and blanket.

Change its habitat and thrive
To the haunts where white men live.

You would have our people be
Learned in your arts and wise,
Educate or civilize
As you term term it meaningly.

Navajo accepts the call
Learns your arts in college hall,

Yields to your religion too,
But the music of the wildwood
And the camp-fire of his childhood
Thrills his fancy through and through.

Much this Indian sees and hears
That sounds strangely in his ears;

How the spirit clothed anew
May eternal life attain
And he learns, somewhat with pain.
That his dusky body too

Must be clothed in sombreness,
Trim and plain the white man's dress

'Tis a penalty severe
He accepts for sake of duty,
It is not a thing of beauty,
Not a spectacle to cheer.

Secretly he sighs within
"Oh for ease of moccasin!

Then untrammelled would I glide
O'er those places, which the deer
Would refuse to go from fear,
On the Rocky Mountain side.

Let me feel upon my form
Our Indian blanket soft and warm.

'Tis a robe a king might wear
Made by patient hand of woman
Given to her chief her trueman;
Woven in with colors rare,

Making harmony that few
Other nations can outdo.

Not a brush at one's command
Can produce a work of art
Not unless a noble heart
And a genius guides the hand.

Art as one harmonious whole
Is the product of the soul.

And this maiden Navajo
An uncommon genius shows
In the labor she bestows,
Patiently as to and fro

In and out with watchful eyes
She her shuttle slowly plies.

Greatest art grants little speed;
Simple is this tool and rude,
But a tiny bit of wood
Or a piece of broken reed.

And her loom is crude enough;
Two raw branches in the rough:

These she twines her warp around
—Like the spider, from the one
To the other—when 'tis done,
Seated low upon the ground,

With her loom hung in a tree,
She weaves her patterns carefully.

Every nation small or great
Has its emblem—we like you
Chose the red, the white, and blue,
Our ensign to decorate.

Oft we're forced to imitate
Nature in this robe of state.

Purple tints the Columbine,
Rose's blush shades off the red,
Black is mourning for your dead.
Need we for the warrior pine?

He is happy in his place,
In the freedom of the chase,

Where the winding mountain trail
Stands untrod by tribe or band,
Undisturbed by any hand
Or the white man's iron rail."

To the white man it was given,
To arrange the stars of heaven

Into groups and name them for us;
Each revolving in its sphere.
Andromeda sits chained here;
There an Orion then a Taurus;

Each one whirling on in space.
What if one should fall from grace?

Surely 'twould bring dire disaster.
Nothing happens, 'Tis design,
Each one whirls in perfect line,
Guided by some unseen master.

'Tis our nature to adore
The mysterious o'er and o'er

Yet the scholar seeks to know
More and more and worships less.
But at times 'tis weariness
To this Indian Navajo,

Who delights in adoration,
Longs for more imagination,
For those days of long ago.

Seems it not like sacrilege
Thus to ruthlessly besiege

Thus invade the starry treasures
And their mysteries expose?
None so learned but he knows
That mysticism yieldeth pleasures.

Let me calmly shut my eyes
To this science of the skies.

In the dreamy twilight hour,
As of old then would I lie
Gazing upward on the sky;
Overwhelmed by a power,

Some strange secret happiness,
Which no language can express;

Then the great blue dome at even
Was not aerial apparition
But a filmly blue parition
Separating earth and heaven.

When the rain came spurting down
On the earth scorched bare and brown,
Whether softly from the sky
Or in blinding floods it fell,
We exclaimed "'Tis well! 'Tis well!"
Asked no questions, whence or why?

'Twas enough for us to know
That it made the grasses grow,

And the flowers in loveliness;
That in kindness it was meant;
For this purpose it was sent
Navajo to please and bless.

But that simple faith I cherished
And my childlike trust have perished;

Since, amazingly, I learn
That this pearly heaven sent lotion
Is simply mist from off the ocean,
And to such it must return.

That the lightning which was riven
Through the blackness of the heaven

And the thunder's deafening peal
Are not warnings from above
—Man can fear as well as love—
Are no longer an appeal

To the conscience or the soul,
But a force which men control

Known as electricity.

I would reverence regain
But I call to it in vain
It responds not to my plea.

Faith is proof of things unseen
But this science stands between.

I have seen the white man pose
As a lover, yes propose,

With a passion overflowing,
To a maiden fair and pale
As the daisy in the vale
Or the mountain lily growing

In the shadow of the bushes
Where the San Juan madly rushes

Onward bearing rock and tree,
 Bursting from the mountain side
 Into chasms deep and wide
Starting westward toward the sea.

They whose vows of love were plighted
At the altar were united,

Vowing to be true forever;
 Let come whatsoever may
 They would cherish ev'n obey,
Until death the tie should sever.

But how weak is man's intent;
Burning passion soon is spent.

Wise indeed is he who can
 Draw the line which separates
 The desires which love creates
From mere fancy in a man.

One is passion that allures;
One the love that long endures.

Two short seasons passed and then
Wearied with his palefaced bride,
Longingly the white man sighed
For his freedom once again;

And ere long he's separated
From the one with whom he mated.

And your law of marriage under
Which two souls were made as one
By another is undone,
Which as quickly parts asunder.

Strange, the prisoner set free
Seeks again captivity!

You may cry "Unclean! Unclean!"
Raise our voice in loud decree
'Gainst our base polygamy;
Counsel oft with sorry mien.

Pray you take a peep within
At your own heart's secret sin.

You're strange horsemen I attest,
Tandem fashion suits your pride;
Solemnly bride follows bride:
Horrors! we drive ours abreast.

Which is worse polygamy,
Or your bride tandigamy?

Strange this action of the heart!
Woman with her cunning can
Too, be false as any man.
I have seen her act her part

Man's affections to decoy.
These she handles as a toy,

Wounds him next with deep incision,
Makes a quick atonement then
But to torture him again
With a cast off cold derision,

Leaving him in sorry plight,
When another hoves in sight.

Is your civilization worth
All the freedom you have lost,
All the sacrifice it cost?
Yes, you say and send me forth

To the heathen Navajo.
What means heathen I would know?

Should our God be revered less
Who reveals to us our sin,
Gives us life and stirs within,
Prayer and praise and consciousness

Of our duty to our brother?
Is this Mighty Spirit other

Than the Being Who has planned
Every other thing of earth?
Or were Indians given birth
Under other system, and,

Though we pray direct above
To our God in trust and love

Must our prayers unheard remain?
Some day in the Spirit land
You will surely understand.
If perchance we meet again

In those happy hunting grounds,
Where the buffalo abounds,

And in plenty roam the deer,
You and I shall hunt together
In the haze of autumn weather
Where no game laws interfere.

Then I doubt not you will know
Why the simple Navajo

Dearly loves his freedom; and
Doubtless in those future days
I shall then appreciate
Your many mansions, dazzling, grand,

Angels with the gilded wing,
The heavenly songs those angels sing,

Glittering streets and golden stairs.
But at present spare me these
Glorifying luxuries,
Leave to me our Indian prayers;

Let me be an Indian still,
Surely it was heaven's will.

You would have him learn to scorn
His esteemed environment;
Leave the camp fire and the tent
Where the Navajo was born;

With its carpet soft and clean,
Made of flowers and grasses green,

Freshened by the air and light
Creeping in the door each day,
Driving gloom and death away.
Nature's maid with all her might,

Shines and labors dextrously
Till the stench and odors flee.

Then when summer days have gone
And the frost, which chills the morn
Nips the tassels of the corn,
And the winter time draws on

Then he leaves the mountain side
With his family to reside

In the valley's warmer lands
Where the bright and sunny rays
Shining through the winter days
Melts the snowflakes on the sands.

There in comfort they remain
Till the spring returns again.

Care sits lightly, he has pleasure—
Small the earthly care of those
On whom circumstance bestows
This world's goods in scanty measure.

He who is with plenty blest,
Often lacks in peace and rest,

Knows but sleepless nights of pain.
With the worry and the fret
That abundance brings him, yet
Man will leave all else to gain

Wealth's alluring glittering goal,
Even barter off his soul.

And the freedom of the range
And the snowcapped peaks which stand,
Overlooking all the land,
You would have him this exchange

For a narrow plot of ground—
A few acres circled round

By close neighbors—and four walls
Carpeted and screened within
Till no sunlight ventures in.
This the white man probably calls

Home—a hard earned luxury.
Surely irksome it would be

To his dusky Indian brother.

Can the coyote change his color?
Can the quail turn water gull? or
Can the white bear thrive in other

Than his native haunts of snow?
Blame not then the Navajo;

He is a distinct creation
Would your conscientious skill
Seek to change old nature's will?
Spare him this your civilization

Which is yours, O spare him this;
When his freedom in his bliss.

Little good can emanate
From a life bound fast by chain
Longing to be free again,
Though in knowledge it is great.

Leave him then unlearned if this
Prove his highest happiness.

Let him wander in the mountains
And pursue the nimble deer
Growing scarcer every year;
Free to watch the play of fountains;

Gather ripened August berries;
Gorge his appetite with cherries,

Which provide his autumn feast.
These grow on the sheltered side
Of the mountainous Divide,
Where the rivers flowing east

And flowing west into the sea,
Rise in close proximity.

Here the roses bloom in bowers;
Shaded well their color grows
Brighter than the pink of those
On the prairie. Other flowers

With their fragrance charm the spot.
Here the blue forget-me-not,

Which the maiden most admires,
In the presence of the red
Flaming star flower bows its head
And with modesty retires.

And the glorious Columbine
Its lavender and white combine.

He enjoys the gullied canon
With its echoes wierd and free;
Hidden in its depths, there he
Needs no gibbering companion;

In the quiet solitude
Nature best is understood.

High those walls of stone and granite
Where the Mancos roars between;
And so narrow the ravine
That a common bridge would span it:

And a skylight, tinged with blue,
Dimly lights the passage through

Where the river cuts its way
Over beds of yellow sand.
In this portion of the land,
Given the Ute, he loves to stray.

Neighboring Ute and Navajo
No more draw the deadly bow.

Though he loves the Mancos canon
With its cliff and tower and dome,
Where the eagle builds her home
And the deer with his companion

In the cool of evening shade
On the mesa promenade,

Yet he tastes not of the water,
For he's oftentimes been told
Of a certain legend old,
How, with ignominious slaughter,

Long ago a certain race,
Hard were driven from their place.

High up o'er the water's edge
They had builded for themselves
Homes upon those cliffs or shelves
Underneath a sandstone ledge,

Striped with ochre, white and gray—
Clear and bright are these today.

This afforded them a cover
For the walls of their domain,
Some of which there yet remain
And are richly frescoed over

With gay colorings inside.
Many families could reside

There together, safe from foes
So the thought—for they whose might
Conquered, always claimed first right—
So it is the story goes.

In this city of the past,
Whose remains are crumbling fast

There were towers square and rounded
There were portholes to behold
Approaching fces, resembling old,
Feudal castles that were founded

Many centuries ago.
While they slept, some wily foe

Scaled these natural heights of stone
Their position to obtain—
The inhabitants were slain
And their mangled bodies thrown

In the river; and the stains
Of their life blood still remains.

And the odors still arise
And today the Indian hears
Echoing through the distant years
Harrowing groans and piercing cries.

True sometimes the Navajo's
Hungry, for the winter's snows

On the range and reservation
Often long and heavy lie;
Then his sheep and cattle die
From exposure and starvation.

Or the summer drought continues
Then it is the very sinews

Dry away. And since the bison
Is no longer to be found
In the Rockies roaming round,
Low beneath the dim horizon

Of the distant mountain crest
Oft the sun has sunk to rest

When the Indian is seen
Tramping homeward from the chase
With a sorry downcast face;
For his appetite, though keen,

Must unsatisfied remain.
 This day's hunt has been in vain

But tomorrow's may bring more
 Than his present needs demand;
 Then he spends with lavish hand
 Laying little by in store

Future comforts to secure.
 Which is harder to endure,

Appetite unsatisfied,
 Craving gnawing hunger, or
 Absence of a relish for
 Things abundantly supplied?

Richest viands, tempting things
 Fit for appetites of kings?

What is food and what is station?
 What is raiment? What is wealth?
 Without appetite or health?
 Though our tribal reservation

Part consists of level plains,
Sandy, where it seldom rains—

Little rain is takes to nourish
Western plants upon the sand
Where the sage brush dots the land,
Where the spiny cactii flourish,

And the waxy soap plants bloom—
Yet he there has elbow room,

Room to live and breathe, thank heaven!
This small corner of the earth,
Which to you was little worth,
By your government was given

With a condescending grace
Out of pity for our race.

Like a present which some donor
Gives with kind munificence,
Purchased with the stolen pence
From the pocket of the owner.

Now the rightful owner goes
A mendicant in beggar's clothes,

A veritable refugee.

'Twas a charity affair;
Such bestowals are not rare.
Is this then the charity

You would have us keep in mind,
Suffering long and ever kind?

It is true the Indian knows
How to use and where to find
Healing herbs of every kind,
Every shrub that near him grows;

Yet with all his natural skill,
Death the inevitable will

Often at his knowledge mock;
Often he with cool demand
Will his wigwam enter and
Claim the bravest of the flock.

Where are all those Indian bands,
First possessors of these lands?

Gone before your civilization.
Chickasaws and Creeks have vanished;
Seminoles and Sacs are banished.
We are passing as a nation,

Leave to us our Indian ways—
Free, these few remaining days.

Let the Children Play.

Let the children play.

The little children laugh and shout and romp the
livelong day:

For some, too soon, the graver cares of other years
will come

And strike the careless freedom down the childish
laughter dumb;

When buoyancy of youth to stern reality gives way
Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Let them wander in the woodlands green and listen
to the lay

Of warbling, twittering, songsters flitting through the
leafy trees,

Making glad the very air with soul-inspiring
melodies;

That must sweetly ring within the ears until the
judgment day,

Then let the children play.

Let the children play.
 Lay not too many grievances and sorrows in their
 way;
 For burdens of the spirit weighing, grinding, like a
 stone,
 May crush the spark of hopefulness; 'tis not the
 flesh alone
 Succumbs to rank oppressiveness—the heart may
 wear away—
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play,
 And cultivate a cheeriness for what is sadder pray
 Than a hopeless soul dispirited, hard struggling
 to the last
 Against some bygone gloominess that binds the spirit
 fast—
 Despairingly existing, nagging through life's weary
 way?
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play.
 Let them ramble in the meadows and imbibe the
 radiant ray
 Of summer sunbeams straight from heaven, a beam
 from God's own lamp,
 Which lightens soul and body dispersing chills and
 damp;
 A timely sure preventative that wards disease away.
 Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Time passes rapidly along and the years are few
till they

Must step into the harness in the place of you and I;
If youth be gladdened properly they'll bravely occupy
The place thus assigned them, their call in life obey.

Then let the children play.

Let the children play.

Though our years have been most peaceful yet our
hair is turning gray:

And a wave from youth affects us as nothing ever
can,

As some fairies wand had touched us and made us
young again,

And our gloominess is banished by the children's
laugh so gay.

Then let the children play.

Deacon Harvey and His Dream.

Old Deacon Harvey was a man well known the
country round

As being righteous, in his way, as any to be found.

A sanctimonious duty he was never known to shirk,
He could rule a stiffnecked session or perform the
dirty work,

Such as makin' fires or lighting if the chore boy
were away,

Or routing shaky members, who refused to walk his
way.

And though his outward piety with burnished splend-
or shone,

He too, like most of us, had faults, it wasn't best to
own.

His being a blue-stockinger made him well satisfied;
That such his ancestors had been, to mention was his
pride.

And they had done his thinking, which, perhaps upon
the whole,

Accounted for his meagreness and narrowness of
soul.

But he never once suspected, that this very self-same
 thing,
 Might tally one against him in the day of reckoning.
 He always held the rudder of the gospel ship of state,
 And steered as no one else could do (he thought) to
 heaven straight.

And woe betide the minister, who didn't let him do it,
 'Twas more than barely possible he'd have a chance
 to rue it;
 He might as well cast anchor, drop his mantle then
 and there,
 Feign consumption or prostration and seek a balmier
 air.

But the waywardness of neighbors, the Deacon did
 declare
 Had plowed some furrows in his face and silvered
 o'er his hair.
 Sandy Green had stole his apples, he was deadly cer-
 tain of it
 And he'd give him legal punishment but he somehow
 couldn't prove it.

Elam Crow was soaked in whiskey—fairly pickled—
 and he said
 "Surely this world were better off if Elam Crow were
 dead."

And so the deacon prayed and prayed in this wise
morn and night,
“Lord urge them to repent by thy spirit’s sword of
of might;
If they refuse then speed them to their fiery desti-
nation
Before their evil ways corrupt the rising generation.”

One night he slept and dreamed a guardian angel he
was sent,
To hover o’er the thought of men and judge of their
intent.
His spirit soon was watching o’er the thoughts of
Sandy Green
Which wandered thus, “That theft of mine was
despicably mean;

Though the deacon has abundance beyond what he
may need,
Yet I would not for myself alone have done that
sneaking deed,
But I could not see my wife and children starving
day by day
And wholesome food in plenty going to waste across
the way.
Oh if ever I am prospered with something by in store,
I swear that not a hungry soul shall ever pass my
door.”

Then the Deacon's spirit shifted to the thoughts of
 Elam Crow,
 Who sober, by the embers of his dying fire crouched
 low.
 In agony of spirit he groaned, "Too late! Too late!
 Can a drunkard's doom in another world compare
 with his earthly fate?
 If so I pray one favor may be granted unto me.
 Give me annihilation there not immortality.

Could I have seen the future, the path that I should
 go,
 Not all the powers of darkness could have tempted
 me I know.
 When the habit seemed a growing and I saw that it
 was wrong
 I might have then reformed but I couldn't pass along.

But a jovial gay companion of some low infernal
 slum
 Stood with open heart and outstretched arms a beck-
 oning me to come.
 I've a wasted life to offer and if any mercy's shown
 'Twill not be through my merits but the good of
 heaven alone."

Then the deacon roused from slumber with troubled
 conscience lay;
 Some new found questions like to these perplexed
 him day by day.

Of the actual pangs of hunger little do I realize,
 One must feel its cruel gnawings to fully sympathize;
 But to see starvation daily waisting one's own kith
 and kin

And relive them, yes by stealing, would scarcely seem
 a sin.

Yet I, while blessed with plenty, have allowed the
 worthy poor

To be driven on to theft perhaps, or hungry pass my
 door.

What if I had been surrounded as Elam Crow with
 vice.

Temptations more than I could bear and evils that
 entice?

And with half the anxious training and example I
 have seen,

He might have been a nobler man by far than I have
 been.

And his plea of mere unworthiness may gain him
 entrance in,

As passport, to that country, rid of whisky, rum and
 sin:

While they who by selfrighteousness and deeds will
 hope to gain

A sure and swift admittance, may howl Lord! Lord!
 in vain.

If I have walked more steady who deserves the credit
pray?

I have followed in the footsteps of my father's much
as they.

And as to saint and sinner, Oh, it's hard to judge
between;

I'll not attempt the arduous task, but sweep my own
hearth clean.

Yes it's difficult to break the bonds of our environ-
ment,

And go a different pilgrimage from what our father's
went.

It is ours to lift the fallen, help the tempted and the
tried,

And leave their final judgment to One better qualified.

Struggles.

I loitered in a meadow near
A cool and quiet stream,
Whose waters were as pure and clear
As a mirror's crystal gleam.

I flung in pebbles as I passed
—On idleness intent—
The mirror's gleam was overcast
Thereby with sediment.

And as the stream and filth contend
First honors to obtain
Behold the particles descend
And all is clear again!

And so I thought, how like is this
To a pure and noble life,
That banishes the avarice
The envyings and the strife.

When life seems one unbroken joy
Then bold dissemblers come,
To raise aversions and destroy
Our equilibrium.

And then the struggle sore begins;
The contest is severe;
But the nobler side of nature wins;
And envyings disappear.

Keep up Courage Jim.

There's one bit of admonishment, as you life's
journey make,
That I would give, and it is this: Whate'er
you undertake,
Let soul and bone and fibre pursue it with
a vim,
Don't halt at every corner, but
Keep up courage Jim.

If all the race were headlong cast into life's
foaming sea,
While some will sink, yet all possessed with
proper energy
Will to the surface rise: and you will surely
rise and swim
And gain firm footing on the shore if you
Keep up courage Jim.

If not unlike the average man you'll one day
 want a wife,
To share the joys and miseries that fall to you
 in life.
When you have made selection, don't simper
 round so grim,
And threaten if your case goes wrong, just
 Keep up courage Jim.

Such threatenings show a vacuum where brain
 stuff ought to be;
That you are some how lacking she soon must
 plainly see:
Cheer up, present your cause in words, fit,
 business-like, and trim;
Don't be ashamed of honest love and
 Keep up courage Jim.

Should you the public pastures be allowed to
 revel in,
Then some will fawn and flatter your con-
 fidence to win;
Be true to your convictions, don't cater to
 each whim,
Honor your country and your flag and
 Keep up courage Jim.

When your step grows less elastic, Ah then!
 you're growing old;
Don't huddle in some corner and fume, and
 fret and scold;
Put on a smart appearance, and though your
 eyes be dim
You'll brave off death the longer, if you
 Keep up courage Jim.

Fossil.

Oh foolish man to seek to know at once
Our secret hidden life long closed in death,
When nature travailed many thousand years
With unabated energy to give us breath.

Sometimes you'll find us in the glacial drift,
Again calcareous rocks will harbor me;
In shales a truer impress you will find;
While briny depths protect us in the sea.

By company he keeps so man is known,
So ask no more for we are judged likewise;
Delights you'll find by searching for yourself,
My telling you would only steal your prize.

Submission.

It takes a rare beneficence
To labor on from year to year,
In hope of final recompense,
Upon some scheme or project dear,
And then in patience to submit
(Some would protest and rage outright)
While others reap the benefit
Or confiscate your copyright.

A bravery it requires to stand
Calmly upon some Nebo's height,
While others occupy the land
Spread out before your longing sight,
While you, who journeyed all the way,
May not approach the cherished spot—
Ah then! 'tis meekness to obey
Implicitly and murmur not.

Waiting.

We plant the tiny apple shoot
—A sprig of value rare—
Then prune and dig about the root
And tend with proper care.
'Tis not the labor we bestow
Annoys us—toil is treasure—
But waiting for the fruit to grow,
Ah! that is doubtful pleasure.

Love promises eternal bliss
—No joy but has some sorrow—
Much present happiness we miss
By sighing for tomorrow.
Blessings we scarce can see or rate,
Waiting the promised day;
The hardest thing to tolerate
Of all, is the delay.

March sunshine heralds in the spring,
The heart a welcome speaks;
A storm comes on o'erpowering,
The blizzard howls and shrieks.
Spring early pays the forfeiture;
Impatiently we sigh;
These days are harder to endure
Than all the months gone by.

A Better Day Ahead.

One day seems illy doomed above the rest;
The fates appear to frown;
As though by some strange demon half
 possessed
Things tumble upside down.
With plans contraried thus we would despair
 With hopeful yearnings dead,
But that the eve's prophetic signs bid fair
 For better days ahead.

The August corn, whose ears hung heavily,
 Lo! in a single night
Is made an object pitiful to see
 By early frost and blight.
Our dreams of luxury have swiftly flown;
 And we indeed would dread
The want in store, but that the past has shown
 Us better days ahead.

The cold December blizzards whizz and blow
With fury in our face;
The sky is but a murky mass of snow;
And, in its chill embrace,
We well might cringe in horror of the cold
But that we know, instead,
The sun will shine again and we'll behold
A better day ahead.

The country is upset with strife and men
Are hurrying to and fro;
That old foment which reappears again
Bespeaks a scene of woe.
Such mixed affairs doth turbulence portend;
Yet we through hope are led
A better state of things to apprehend,
Yes better days ahead.

Sympathy.

How dependent all things be,
Flowers and grass upon the rain;
Then in turn the showers again
Bring their pearldrops from the sea.

Vegetation meagerly
Flourishes in barren ground,
Till she flings her leaves around
Then abundance we can see.

May our life-work also be
Laboring for the common good
Of a suffering brotherhood
With a magnanimity.

With our souls in unison;
And our life-pulse keeping pace,
Throbbing, pitying for our race
Ceasing not till life is done.

Do we hear yet unapeased
Hunger's piteous wailing plea?
We must starve from sympathy
Till that hunger's power be eased.

Misunderstood.

A heart in solitude
With loneliness consumes itself:
No sharer or recipient
To take or give: by constant drips
The stoutest heart must soon be spent
—Alone misunderstood.

'Often we fondly brood
O'er unforgiven wrongs: a word
Might have removed them long ago.
Sometimes 'tis nobleness to bear
In silence all alone—not so
When we're misunderstood.

Our Country.

When others wave the beckoning hand,
And "Forward March!" the orders cry,
As theirs it were to give command,
Ours to obediently comply,
Defiantly our hearts rebel,
Because we love our country well.

When cannons boom and banners fly,
When singers sing and bands peal forth,
When all for excellency vie
In honor of our nation's birth,
We feel our patriotism swell;
Yes then we love our country well.

When others trample in the dust
The flag our fathers' died to raise,
And then ignore with cold distrust
Our country's principles and ways,
In vain we strive our wrath to quell;
Yes then we love our country well.

When be behold in summer time
The corn fields shimmering in the sun,
And golden grain in healthy prime
Waiting the harvest drawing on,
Knowing that we in these excel
Thankful we love our country well.

While others bow to potentate
(Born servile such they must remain)
We humble or illiterate
May to a higher sphere attain.
Upon these merits we may dwell
Because we love our country well.

Land of prosperity, divine
Long may thy ensign ride the gale;
May thy effulgence ne'er decline
Thy freedom's spirit long prevail.
Though love be still invincible
We love our country none too well.

Mercies.

When nuthin' looks right to your eyes,
Jest think of Solomon the Wise,
Of seven hundred mother-in-laws
(As Browning calls 'em "Old Cat Claws")
A swoopin' down in cold array
With band boxes, plannin' to stay
Six months: your troubles don't amount
To anything: Pshaw! they don't count.

Art.

Suite often finest statuaries fill

The smallest most obscure cathedral niches;

In finest tapestries the greatest skill

Is manifested in the smallest stitches.

Stimulation.

Madly pursuing with destruction's speed,
 A vain yet idolized ambition, I
 Beheld an arrow shooting through the air
 Tipped with the anaesthetic of despair.
 In vain I made endeavor to evade
 Its ruthless aim, it pierced me then and there.
 I fell asphyxiated by the sting
 And had no care to rise for all was dark.
 Pride came and bathed my wound and bade me
 rise,
 But failed to arouse me from my lethargy;
 Fame poured her ointment in of flattery.
 And whispered "Up press on and I am yours;"
 Then duty came and said in chilling tones
 "Inert is he who heeds not my commands
 Arouse to action and your wound is healed."
 But none of these availed I slumbered on.
 Then came a figure almost crushed with care,
 And on her breast was scarred in letters bright,
 —Seared by the iron of affliction—this
 "The Woes of Suffering Humanity."
 She knelt and fervently did clasp my hand

And dropped one silent tear upon the wound.
At once it thrilled my being through and
through.

Awakening, I arose and quickly grasped
The figure in one long and fond embrace,
Saying, the power was yours to snatch me from
That somnolence which ends in certain death;
Henceforth the cause you represent is mine,
Then I pursued ambition once again
No longer overwhelmed by despair.

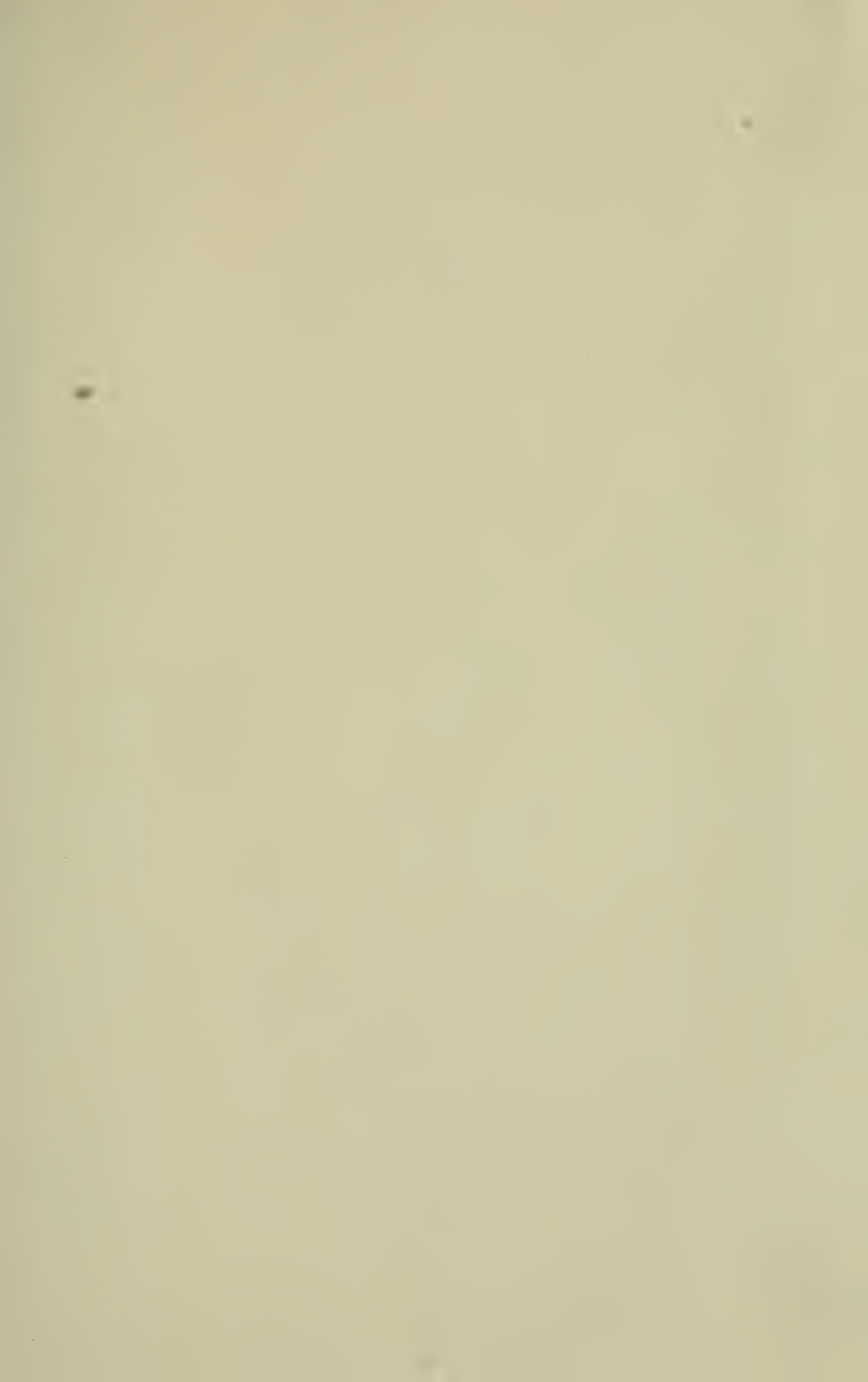
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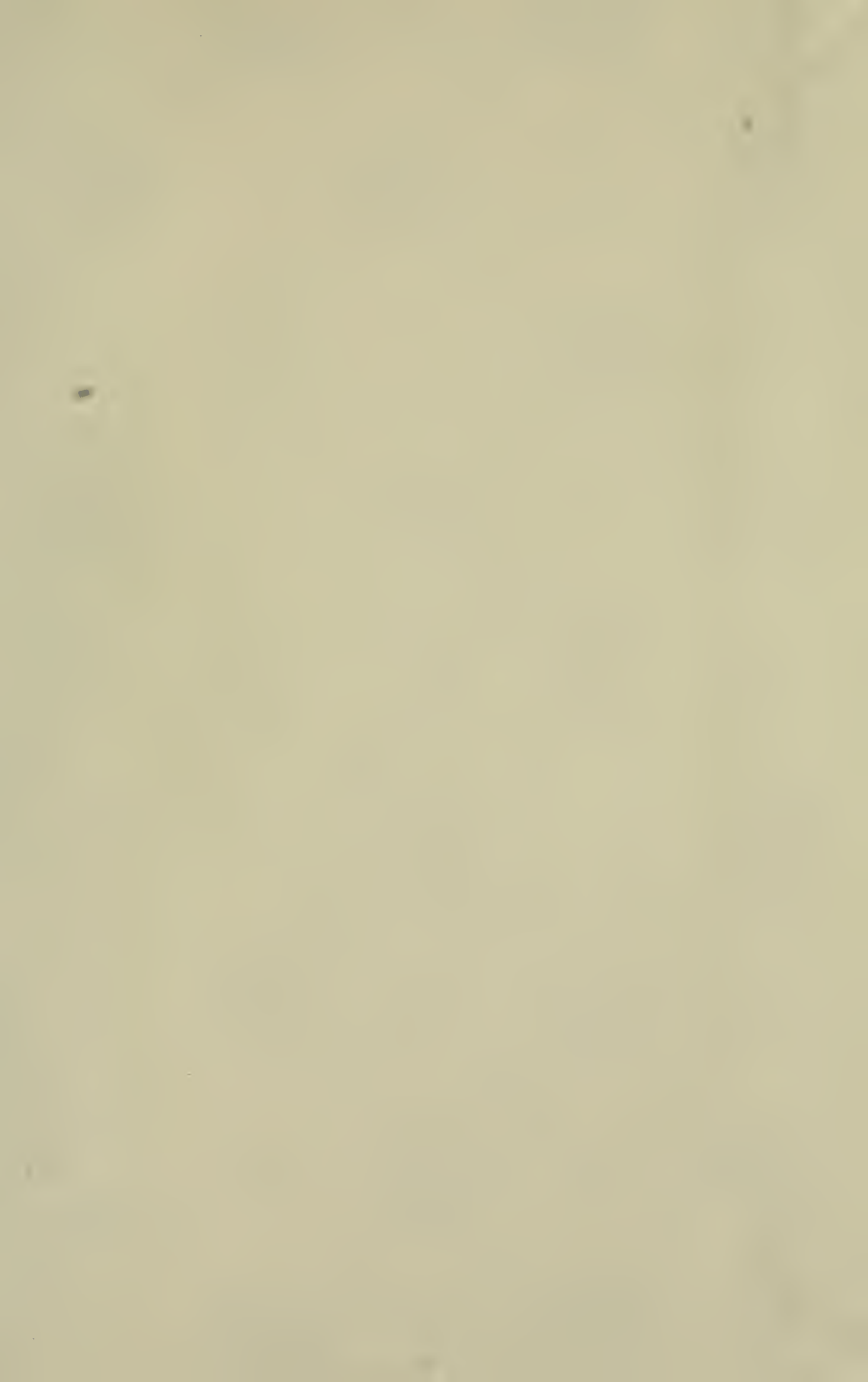
Lor' bless your soul no I haint never tried
This gettin' married but I'm satisfied
That it's the only way'n, one ort to when
She can: but Lor' the scarcity of men!
Out West they're thick; the census men declare
They's two and a half to every woman there.
I'll go and see if I can't git that half
A man—it's better'n none at all—don't laugh
It's serious; and though I haint yet tried
This marryin', it's best I'm satisfied.

You can't give much in money? then
Just laugh and laugh and laugh again,
And split your sides—a hearty laugh
Will do a heap more good, by half,
In this old world, than giving cash
Gold in comparison is trash.



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